A DUCHESS OF GREAT GIFTS. HOW THE GALLIERA MILLIONS WERE RE-

TURNED TO THE PEOPLE.

(FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.) Paris, December 14.

The death of the late Duchess de Galliera is the event of the day which most stirs society, the religious world, and the poor of the VIIth Arrendissement in which the Duchess resided. Madame de Galliera was born to the lands, the palaces, the villas, the art treasures, and the other accumulated wealth of three of the richest families in North Italy. She inherited from them fine brains and public spirit. From her mother, a Sales of Savoy, she derived the tenderness of heart which distinguished S. Francis de Sales. Her early life was spent at the courts of Vienna, Petersburg, Paris and London, to which her father was successively named ambassador of the King of Sardinia, whom he represented on a special embassy at the Coronation of Queen Victoria. The grandmother of the Duchess on the paternal side, the Marchesa de Brignole, rallied early in the century to the French Revolution, and became the head of the French party at Genoa. She was a warm admirer of Napoleon, who let her act the part of plain speaker in regard to him, after he became Emperor, and glad to induce her to enter the household of Maria Louisa as its grand mistress. The Duchess of Galliera was married so long ago as 1828, to a cousin of her own, a man of vast wealth also, and imbued with the keen trading spirits which distinguished the Lombards and the Genoese. He developed under stimulus of the railway fever that took hold of the continent of Europe into one of the keenest and hardestheaded speculators of his time, as the Marquis de Ferrari, his father, had also dene before him when Napoleon's wars opened a field to army contractors. There never was a more unscrupulous victualler and clothier of troops than the said Marquis, who escaped being shot by the downfall of Bomaparte.

The late Duke de Galliera died leaving a for tune the personalty of which was computed at \$68,000,000. It was the largest fortune in Europe, for there were along with this sum nothing less than a tract of land in what is now the most fashionable quarter of Paris, viz., the neighborhood of the Trocadero. Then there were real estates in the Rue d'Artong, in the Faubourg St. Germain, in the environs of Paris, at Genoa and its environs, at Milan and its environs; at Bologna and its environs, and a very large estate in Austria. Neither the Duke nor his wife belonged to any party, and were singularly free for persons of their rank and wealth from prejudices. He made it a point, as a fisher for great railway and other concessions, to keep on good terms with de facto Governments. Brought up in diplomacy and in a fast-changing period, she recognized power wherever she found it existed, and she never prized it so highly as when it was manifested in cerebral power. It was her delight to surround herself with great and brilliant men and women of fine hearts and intellects. M. Thiers was one | Co. of her best friends. She was intimate with the late Duchess d'Orleans, whom she venerated, although that royal body was her junior, and for her sake wanted to be a second mother to the Comte de Paris and his family. She also held in high esteem Queen Marie Amelie, but thought her too much the politician in feeling. The Duchess of Orleans she thought " must have descended from a higher sphere to this world to undergo a period of chastening trial, because she friendship sprang up between her and the Empress Frederick, whom she has named her executor. It began when the Empress as Crown Princess was staying at beautiful but relaxing Pegli, on the Facing East Riviera, near Genoa. where the Burgnole built a villa which was transmitted to the Duchess, is close to Pegh. Nor is the distance great from Voltri to San Remo. where Madame de Galliera witnessed the sorrows of the German Crown Prince and his wife, who as Emperor and Empress were both to wear a crown of thorns. The Duchess de Galliera was small. It might

be said that grace was in all her movements. Heaven in her eye, in every action dignity and love. But the dignity was of the quiet selfpossessed kind that a young girl acquires filling a great position from the time she leaves the in a finely appointed equipage. There was I don't know what in the face which showed that if sorrow had passed over her soul no dark passion had thrown a shadow there. She was very sweet, very tender, and though she had all her life been in the great world, among tricky courtiers, diplomatists, politicians and the sharpest speculators, was not only without guile, but suggested innocence. There was hardly a wrinkle in the prettily rounded face up to a very

in feeling. Whatever she did was done with ease. The Duchess spoke four languages-Italian, German, French and English-one as well as the other, and all with fluency and idiomatic purity. She was too much the idealist to care greatly for art as more than a secondary thing. Her taste was true and chaste. She dressed in showy colors when young, as most Italian women naturally do; but in her widowhood she wore a quantity of black blonde lace on her head and shoulders, and sometimes at dinners or receptions brightened up her black silk or velvet corsage (which was always high) with a necklace of seven rows of black diamonds.

I have spoken of the Duchess as being clever She had a superior mind and one that was manysided and open. It was also an independent one, and her Catholic piety never in any degree limited its freedom. She had no desire to shine in the world, and if French law had allowed her would have spent her millions anonymously. But it forced her to make donation deeds whenever she wanted to give away an important sum for no matter what purpose, and so the thing got out No act of generosity got into the papers without bringing upon her a host of imposters and beggars. This did not discourage her, and she created a charitable ministry whose mission it was to relieve the wretched and inquire into cases of distress reported to her begging letters. Thirty-two million dollars was deliberately deeded away. Not more than a million dollars of personalty remained to her at the time of her death, and she calmly made up her mind to finish her days in an almshouse if she lived to eighty. Sometimes her generosity was whimsteal, and though her heart bled for the poor, and she considered that Jesus Christ suffered through their sufferings, she was fond of Royal personages because they were Royal. It is singular how a person of her splendidly generous nature could have been attracted to a couple so mean and intriguing as the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier, to whom she presented a palace and estate at Eologna worth more than a million and a half of dollars. She presented a dinner service of the filest executed in our time in France—to the Comte and Comtesse de Paris when she lent them the ground floor of her Paris mansion, which was fitted up by her at a cost of \$390,000, and she gave the Comte de Paris's eldest daughter on her marriage a large fortune in jewels and money, and had intended to leave her Galliera House, in the Faubourg St. Germain, which is valued at \$1,000,000. But she was angry at the Orleanists making it a centre of political intrigue. When the Comte de Paris was exiled his political agents, the Maronis de Beauvait and the Day 10 miles and a balf of the file of the last engagement at Vielsburg, and prior to the surrender; I stopped you as you were hurrying from the centre of political intrigue. When the Comte de Paris was exiled his political agents, the Maronis de Beauvait and the Day 10 miles and the parage of the last engagement at Vielsburg, and prior to the surrender; I stopped you as you were hurrying from the centre of political intrigue. When the Comte de Paris was exiled his political agents, the Maronis de Beauvait and the Day 10 miles and the maronis de Beauvait and the paragement at the Comte de Paris was exiled his political agents, the Maronis de Beauvait and the paragement at the Comte de Paris was exiled his political agents, the Maronis de Beauvait and the paragement at the Comte de Paris was exiled his political agents, the Maronis de Beauvait and the paragement at the Comte de Paris was exiled his political agents, the Maronis de Beauvait and the paragement at the content of the paragement at the content of the paragement at the content of the paragement at the paragement at the content of the paragement at Eologna worth more than a million and a half de Paris was exiled his political agents, the Marguis de Beauvoir and the Duc Decazes, continuing to transact the business of the party in the rooms lent to their Pretender, the Duchess expressed her astonishment at such conduct, and ordered them to quit her house. She then left proved by his mother for lack of order. "You must proved by his mother for lack of order. "You must

of a delicately nurtured woman stripping herself in her lifetime, without joining a religiou order, of vast wealth. She was always noble and sweet. But charity took possession of her soul after the death from croup of her eldest son. The second son is eccentric. He is a Socialist, and at the age of one-and-twenty renounced his heritage and left his paternal home to live on his own exertions. He was for years an ill-paid usher in the College Chaptal, and is now a scientific professor at the Merge School, where he has a salary of \$1,200 a year. He would not accept any money from his mother, whom he worshipped. He was with her during her last illness, and she died in his arms. His grief has laid him prostrate and disabled him from attending her funeral, at which the chief mourners were her nephew, Count Mareschalei and the Confessor of the Duchess. The coffin was taken to the church in a hospital hearse. wreath was placed on it, for so the deceased lady willed, and the mass at the obsequies was a low one. The money that a grand funeral mass would have cost was distributed among poor people at the church door. On Monday her remains are to be taken to the family vault of the Ferrari at Voltri near Genoa.

A SICK HIPPOPOTAMUS.

GIVING CALIPH TURKISH BATHS.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF NURSING AN INVALID WEIGHING 3,000 POUNDS.

great invalid has been on the hands of Director Conklin in the Central Park menagarie for the last two weeks. This is the \$5,000 hippopotamus Caliph, which was bought by the Park Board from the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens last spring. During the summer Caliph and his companion, Miss Murphy, were kept in the big tank in the open air, where they were admired by many thousands of visitors. was some delay in getting their winter quarter in the lion house fitted up, and Callph, though the larger and stouter of the two animals, appears to have taken cold from the keen night air.

After they were warmly housed Dr. Conldin thought that with a little attention Caliph would oon be well again, but he found that the animal did not improve and he became alarmed. A few years ago Bombi, another hippopotamus, was taken ill in the same manner and did not recover. The Doctor brought all his medical and veterinary skill to bear on the affictions of Caliph, to prevent a repetition of For a time he began to despair and fear that Caliph was fated, like the late Mr. Crowley, to die young. The hipponotamus became heavy and indifferent to the playful caresses of Miss Murphy, and finally showed no desire to take his daily baths. His appetite disappeared and his thick hide soon showed that the fiesh was falling away beneath it, giving the skin a baggy appearance. Within one ek he lost more than 300 pounds.

One of the first measures taken by the Dector was to separate the hippopotami, much to the disgust of Miss Murphy. Callph regarded the change with the same indifference that he had given to all mundane things since his filness. Then he was with great difficulty forced to enter the tank of water. steam had been meantime turned on in the water which had attained a blood heat temperature uldin determined to try the effects of a Turkish bath on Calluh as a preliminary ston. The attendants lieut the animal in the tank as the temperature of the water was gradually raised; its heat benetrated the two inches of cuticle which covers the hippo potamus, and big drops of persufration cozed fro brows. The building was also heated so that the llons and tigers looked uncomfortably warm, and when Calinh emerged from the water his enormous body was steaming all over like an immensa boiled ham. Miss Murphy gazed at him in wonder from the bars which senarated her, grunting sweetly as though homesick for heaven." A similar she thought him a pretty spectacle. The attendants scrubbed him off with brooms, scrubbing brushes and soft soan, and then piling blankets on him, allowed

him to lie and steam quietly. The bath seemed to have a good effect temporarily and several repetitions were tried, but Dr. Conklin saw, after two or three days, that these measures were not sufficient. Calibh's appetite did not re-He seemed to have a severe billous attack with his cold, evidently the result of the great number of raw turnips, his favorite vegetable, which he had caten, and the Turkish baths had only kent down the With great difficulty the big beast was bound with ropes and a dozen of the attendants were able turn him over on his side. Then four of the men held Calluh's great mouth open, while Dr. Conklin contried down his throat, by means of a syringe, a cup full of sweet oil, in which were mixed tifteen drops of Croton oil. As this doze had no effect, it was repeated on the following day with twenty drop of Croton oil, mixed with belladonna, but with no

better result. Dr. Cenklin then looked about for a more power-Dr. Conklin then looked about for a more powerful drastic. German physicians have recentive been experimenting with a new drug termed Eserine-sulphas, which is regarded as particularly beneficial in cases like that of Callph. It has never been tried on human beings, and not more than a grain has been administered to horses and other animals, but always with a southing and excellent effect. On application to the druggists, however, few of them were found to have the drug and these in quantities too small for any service. Two thry vials of fifteen grains each were linally obtained. The drug has the appearance of fine brown sugar. Dr. Conklin administered seven grains and a half as the first dose. It was mixed with two tablespoonfuls of molasses and spread upon Callph's broad tongue, so that he was obliged to swallow the medicine.

The next day Callph sof up and stood on his feet. He looked hollow and wan, but he evidently felt a great deal better. After he had plunged in a warm bath, he came out extremely hungary. A bartel of warm meal mush had been prepared for him, and he appeared capable of taking the entire quantity and asking for more, but for lear that so hearty a meal after a week of fasting would be hurtful, he only received small quantifies at a time. Though thin, he

appeared capable of taking the entire quantity and asking for more, but for tear that so hearly a meal after a week of fasting would be hurtful, he only received small quantities at a time. Though him, he is again active and Miss Murphy has been permitted to enter the same care once more.

He is now regarded by Dr. Conkin as out of danger and the loose hide is beginning to fill out again. The attention that his mursing has required has been trying on the attendants and the Doctor is inclined to think that with the growth of the zoological collection a school for the training of animals nurses will have to be established by the Park Department.

WHERE GENERAL SHERMAN WAS GOING. WHERE GENERAL SHERMAN WAS GOING.
Washington dispatch to The Louisville Courier-Journal.

\*\*Let me relate to you a little episode of my famous march to the sea. One day I halted with my staff at a house on a large plantation and asked the gray-headed old planter sitting on the plazza for a drink of water. He called to some of his colored men, then slaves, and ordered a bucket of water, which was brought, with a gourd to drink from. While I and my officers were drinking from the gourd the old planter sat and eyed us inquisitively. He, of course, knew that I was an officer, from my ireas and staff, but did not know my rank of office or lame.

urned quickly with a look of surprise and said:

- Yes, sir. What is you name? Sherman: You General Sherman: You General Sherman? I suppose I am. How many man have you got?
- Now, I'd just like to have you answer me one ques-
- "Now, I'd just like to have you answer me one ques-tion more—where are you going from here ?"
  "Well, now, that is considerable to request of an en-tire stranger, and under the circumstances."
  "But I promise to keep it a secret."
  "Are you sure that you can keep the secret if I im-part it to you?"
  "Cortainly, certainly I will; on my honor as a gentle-
- "Certainly, certainly I will; on my honor as a gentleman."

  "But there is risk, you know. What if I should tell
  and my intentions become publicly known?"

  "I promise that I will not tell your secret to a single
  human being. You can trust to me implicitly."

  "You are quite sure I can trust you?"

  "Most certainly I am; with the utmost safety."

  (Said engerly.)

  "Well, then, I will tell yeu. I am going where
  I d—d please. Good day."

  "The expression of that man's face can better be imagined than described on his being informed of my intentions."

GRANT'S GOOD MEMORY FOR FACES.

ther mansion to the Emperor of Austria, whom she held in great esteem, and made the Empress Frederick her executrix and residuary legatee.

There is no example since the Countess Matilda, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, there is no example since the Countess Matilda, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, the gave the States of the Church to the Pope, the gave the States of the Church to the population of the

HE SENT "JOE" MACKIN'S CARD INSTEAD OF HIS.

SOME POINTS ON TERRAPIN-" TIM " TARSNEY'S RETORT-WHAT "FRED" DOUGLASS OVER-HEARD-ONE OF VANCE'S FLATTERING COMPARISONS.

Washington, Dec. 29 .- "I can sympathize with the roung officer who sent up General Sheridan's card instead of his own," said a newspaper correspondent after reading the story of that mishap in The Tribune of last Sunday. "I had a similar experience not long ago myself. It was a few days before the election when I was in New-York. I wanted to see a distinguished politician who was taking an active but quiet part in the campaign of Mr. Cleveland. He a nayger." was not easy to reach, as cards sent to his room tovariably came back with the word that the Hen. - was 'out.' One evening, to make sure that he himself had the opportunity to see me and not some understrapper, I pencilled a brief message on the back of my eard to the effect that my business was imegates. During the War "Jim," as he is familiarly portant to him put it in a scaled envelope and stimua bright new silver dollar into his hand. In five companions near Waco, Tex. A friend of "Jim's" minutes the messenger reappeared. 'Mr. - will family lived there, and from him he secured a lean see you,' he said. Then I followed through endless of \$20, giving to each of his three companions \$5 and corridors of the hotel until a circuitous route brought retaining the fourth. Mounted on me to a side entrance to the mogul's apartments. A Bannerman's feet raking the ground, they proceeded gentle rap was answered by a summons to come in. toward their homes in Missouri. and I was ushered through several rooms until my friend was found. well-known politicians whose presence in New-York displayed, bearing in charcoal letters t that particular time was not generally understood. I was going to express my pleasure at the meeting then the black looks of the whole company made me Finally he ejaculated :

" 'What in -- do you mean? How the d-1 did

you get here?' "I have seen angry politicians before, so I took the outbreak coelly and placidly remarked that I had peer, und dwenty-five cents a glass."

followed my card and was there at his invitation.

"The devil you say," remarked the

" 'Your card,' roared my excited friend. 'Is this board. I glanced carelessly at the message pencilled by me on the back and then turned the card over. Then my eyes opened a little. It reads: " Joseph C. Lackin. -

With compliments."

"The group glowered at me and at-first would hear no explanation. They insisted that it was not a true that Mr. Mackin, who is an eminent Illinois seed. I's heard ov fellers spenden der last dollar mistake, but a deliberate joke on my part. It was Democrat, was still serving a term in the penitentiary for ballot-box stuffing, but great efforts had been made to secure his pardon, and the people who received the card naturally supposed that the pardon | Congressman Frank Lawler dropped into one of engage in the 'fine work' which had made him cele- expression on his face. brated. Finally we compromised by agreeing that it was a pretty good joke on us all.

How did it happen? Quite naturally. papers and was very proud of his friends in the craft. gold in my molars and pull out a bicuspid or two, but When he got to cutting stone in the pentientiary he Only a few days before election one of these had reached me, and with a sigh for the man who got his card in my pocket and thought no more of it. party in New-York last November."

There is an unusually large number of enteures in the present Congress, the majority of whom are eseifred from the Senate that body was deprived of its forget that! He began pulling, whoop-lat only terrapin cook. Senators Palmer, Beck, Butler, almost feel it now. and others can always be counted upon to dispose errapin cook. He is Charles H. Gibson, the bachelor fell down in member who represents the Eastern Shore of Maryand, the home of the diamond-back. Those who feebly, 'I'm paralyzed.' have partaken of Mr. Gibson's hospitality and enarmoyed that the House should be ahead of the Senate Bayard as the terrapin cook of the Senate, obtained has encouraged him to hope for success. He has had difficulty in securing patients willing to be practised upon, and, he has issued invitations to his first formal terrapin supper.

Messrs. Bayard and Gibson may have many aderned, but among them the old-fashioned darkey is ertainly not to be found. He cooks his terrapin differently.

"People ta'ks a mighty lot dis way 'n' dat 'bout de propah mannah o' cookin' of de tah'pin," said Uncle Jake, an old "Eastern Sho'" fisherman to me the other day, "but in my 'pinion 'taint nobody as ooks 'em right now'days, senso even de niggahs mus' hev cookstoves to do dey cookin' by. Dis way o' cookin' 'em in bilin' water jis ruins 'em.' Der haint no way I'm ebber seed it dat ekals de roasin' er dem in de ashes on de hea'th. When I wars a little shaver turkels wer' denty 'nuff den down on de Easten Sho', 'n' people se' to wrap 'em in wet paper to keep out de grit, 'n' laver up in de hot makes on de hea'th; let him ros' lar till he well done, den take off de bottom shell, take out de bones, de sand bag, 'n' de gaul, chop up brightest and kindest blue eyes you will find anyde rest, eggs 'n' all, in de top shell, drap in a lump where. Imagine this man to be seventy-five years buttah, a pinch o' salt, 'n' a leetle mite o' red peppah, set de shell down on de hea'th till he git rite or, den eat him-der haint nothin' 'tall in dis world ettah 'n' dat."

The old man wagged his head in happy memory of it. "'N' dis way people has o' puttin' wine in it's for many years ret.

Is a wase o' de good wine. Et I had de wine Lah'd Said Mr. Watterson rink hit 'n' eat de tar'pin widout."

A couple of Representative "Tim" Tarsney's Repullican friends of the House were mildly chaffing the great Michigan statesman at the National Hotel the night before the Christmas recess. They were very anxious, apparently, to obtain his opinion as to what the Democratic majority in the House would inally do about the Senate Tariff bill. Tarsney turned upon his persecutors and said:
"Well, gentlemen, Ot doan't want to give yez a

short answer, but Of'll have to give yez the saame replot as Pat gave to the praste about the mass." Being pressed for an explanation the "Mimber" from Michigan delivered himself as follows:

" On a bright Sunday mornin' a Catholic praste met a jolly son of Erin, and sez he to him: 'Good mornin', Pat.' "'Mornin', your Riverince!' promptly responded

Pathrick. 'An' where are yez goin'?' asked the praste agen. "Whot, shure an' Ol'm goin' to mass,' was the prompt response.

" 'And what is mass, Pat?' " 'Now, your Riverince, you know Ol know phat the "'Well, Pat, if you met a Profestant an' he asked

you what the mass was, could yez tell him!" "Shure, an' Oi could do that thing,' replied the son of Erin. go opposite ways around this block an' meet on the

lower corner; O'll act the part of the Protesthant an' you'll tell me the meaning av the mass." 'Agreed, your Riverince,' interjected Pat, and they started in opposite directions. Pat, however, on his way round, slid hastily into a convanient side-dure av a gin-mill an' tuk a good stiff harn av foine onld Potteen,' which braced him up a bit for the apoachin' evint, and immediately sailled forth an' get his Riverince, whereupon the followin' conversaton ensued between the two av them:

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL. and urging them to abstemiousness in all things, especially in the matter of eating and drinking, and in order to impress this the more forcibly upon their minds she makes a practice of keeping a lible upon the kitchen shelf, which she daily opens for their senefit at some appropriate text of Scripture, such as "Pay no thought for what ye shall eat or where-withal ye shall be clothed, for the spirit is more than meat and the body more than raiment." Whether or not this custom meets with beneficial results or

saves the larder is not known. "Fred" Douglass told the other day about a conversation which he overheard in a crowd between two Irishmen after he had made a speech in Ohio, I believe, in the course of the late campaign.

Said one Irishman: "That was a mighty phoine speech for to be made by a nayger." "Ah, yes, it was quoite phoine; but he is only hall

"Well, if half a nayger can make such a speech, and phwat the divil kind of a magnificent speech would a whole nayger make?"

Among the recent visitors in this city was James egates. During the War "Jim," as he is familiarly called, were a gray uniform and was a gallant soldier, ated 'front' to see that it was delivered by dropping When hostilities ceased he found himself and three

> Two days out the quartet drew up at a log cabin, With him were two or three other where a large piece of brown wrapping paper was

and they entered the establishment. There a onepause. My particular friend was cheking with rage, armed Dutchman stood behind an improvised bar, Said Bannerman:

ginger beer, or the genuine article?"

federate, at the same time slapping his only \$5 goldyour card?' And he handed me the piece of paste- piece on the counter. "Just dish up that beer till that money's all gone, old man."

The calculation was a short one, and between drinks the four and the Dutchman became congenial friends. Before parting the latter handed them a bread-andbeef sandwich all around, and having lost his arm under Hood, as the party was about to go, he called Bannerman back and burted out:

" Mine friend, dot vas der domndest trick vot I ever ver visky, but you vas der virst teller vot I seed spend his last dollar for beer. Leds take vone glass more on dot."

had been granted and that he was once more ready to the newspaper offices a few days ago with a painful

"It's over at last," he said, putting his hand to his cheek. "Do you know," he continued, as drew a chair up to the stove, Mackin was always a gold mine of news for the news- been trying for twenty years to have a dentist put some fate has always been against me until to-day employed his lessure by making mementoes for his ac- began when I was a letter carrier in Chicago in 1868. quaintances. These took the form of paper weights. Between the trips I made in delivering mail I went in a dental office in Clark st, and after an hour's work the doctor broke the drill he worked with, the end aught while bigger fish slipped through the net, I put getting checked in the cavity. I had to take my route ten minutes later so couldn't walt to have it out What a help he would have been to his and we made another engagement for the next afternoor. When I went there I saw crape on the door knob. The dentist had died in the course of the night of apoplexy. He was an old friend and I was

one of his pall-bearers. "I didn't make another trial to have pecially fond of diamend-back terrapin when it is doctored for two years and then the dentist I went properly cooked and served. When Secretary Bayard to said I ought to have three pulled out. I'll never The crown was crushed in and Hale, Cameron, Gray, Vest, Vance, Hiscock, Gorman the forceps dropped almost down my throat as the the forceps dropped almost down my throat as the "Hefore she was married," went on the mellow dentist's arm fell limp to his side. I jumped up in tones, always mindful of the broad A's, "Mrs. Biscay of their share of the dish, but none of them claims a twinkle, determined to have no malpractice on me. to be an adept in preparing it. The House also con- but before I could say a word I noticed the face of tains many terrapin eaters, but can boast of but one the dentist growing pale as he hobbled to a chair and

" 'Call a physician, for mercy's sake,' he stam

"You may imagine that my indignation left joyel a dish of terrapin prepared by him pronounce him the equal, if not the superior, of Secretary Bayard as a terrapin cook. A well-known Senator, who is That experience had the effect of giving me in this particular, and who aspires to succeed Secretary a horror of dental chairs and I kept out of them for ten years. Then I was in New-York City and I from Mr. Gibson the latter's recipe, and recent practice | heard the praises of a dentist there sounded so loudly that I thought I'd try again, but I had to leave town on the day that I made an appointment with him. Again in Chicago I was to go through the ordeal of the dentist's chair, but when I went to fill the engagement, I found the office closed; the doctor, who was a young man, had eloped with the daughter of

thousands and objected to the match. "I began to think there was no use in longer attempting to have my teeth attended to, and gave up all idea of it until ten days ago, when I went with a friend into an office in F-st. I happened to tell the me, said he didn't think he'd hurt me much, that I was persuaded to take a seat in his chair. one thing I do think, however, and that is that the man who invented that tooth trip-hammer ought to be hung, and I'd cast my vote for it every time."

ton is the Hon. Harvey M. Watterson, the father of Henry Watterson. Imagine to yourself a tall and slightly-built man, with a large head of gray hair, at white beard falling over his chest, and a pair of the

not allowing myself to be worried about anything. am very careful of my eating, and I have not had hree unhappy hours from worry in my whole life. When I have stubbed my toe I have not cursed the miverse because of my carelessness, but thanked the

Senator Vance was discussing in a group of Deniceratic friends the other day the curious reasoning one of his colleagues in the Senate frequently indulges in. It is about as satisfactory," remarked Mr. Vance, as the reasoning of the negro about his crazy old lock. Being twitted with its jerky and spasmodic behavior, he declared that he could tell the time of day by it as well as by any clock in the world. 'Yer see, boss,' said he, 'when de hour hand pints to 4, and the minit hand to half-past 11, and she strikes 9, den I knows it's adzactly 1 o'clock.' That's
the way Brother C—— sometimes reasons to demonstrate a 'clear case of cause and effect."

of Representative Courtland C. Matson from his acconsidered as altogether an unmixed evil, even by those of his own political faith in Indiana. Indeed t is claimed that he is regarded by many as a shining example of that disease so common among public men, which is known as "Big Head." A well-known Indianian says that a visitor from his native State was here some time ago on business and, being with atm at the Capitol, they saw Mr. Matson coming toward them along one of the corridors.

"I must introduce you to Representative Matson

when this recent aspirant for Gubernatorial honors is functioned. A member of the Pensions committee of the G. A. R. who was here recently said that he and his colleagues were anxious to secure the passage of the bill to pension Union prisoners of war, but Representative Matson, as chairman of the House Committee of Pensions, told them, to their great astonishment, that he did not think the bill a wise one, because many Union soldiers had, as was well known, allowed themselves to be captured rather than even run the risk of going into a fight. This view of the matter so astonished the G. A. R. official, he said, coming from such a source, that he looked up Matson's record and found that his command had been twice captured by the rebel raider Morgan, who, it was claimed, finally wrote to the great War Governor Morton, of Indiana, next time as he needed them badly, and keep the men at home, as he had no use for them and was tired of taking them prisoners only to parole them afterward.

THE DANCING CLASS.

SOME SOCIAL EPISODES IN BOSTON.

" I should recognize that Papanti step if I came across I should recogner that Papent step it came a young amoriean dandy to a pretty compariot whom he had just met for the first time at a bail in Florence. It is unmistakable. I've been trying all the evening to place you, hardly supposing that you could half from Boston, for you certainly don't look like it. with an admiring glance at the fashionable figure the flee complexion and clear, bright eyes, unobscored with an admiring glance at the fashionable figure the rich complexion and clear, bright eyes, unobscared by any disfiguring glasses, "but the moment they played the 'Estudianolma,' and you gave me a turn, I doubted no more. You see, I'm a Harvard man my-self, spent a year in the Friday evening class and three in the Saturday; so I know the whole story." And he smilled to himself at the circe of his words. For Miss X, had been holding off rather distantly, uncertain as to whether she ought to treat him with warmth or chilliness. Americans abroad have to be a correctly of their countrymen. But the instant armed Dutchman stood behind an improvised bar, aid Bannerman:

"My friend, what have you got here—pop, soda, inger beer, or the genuine article?"

The answer came: "Dat vos der shenuine Galtane de grand de gran

The answer came: "Dat vos der shenuine Galveston beer, und dwenty five cents a glass."

"The devil you say," remarked the returning Coninciples of the control of the contr

"Oh, it was in '83, long before your time," replied the Harvard man, laughtng, "You see I am an old the Harvard man, laughing. "You see I am an old fogy compared with you. Mrs. Cabot had the class, if I remember correctly. Are there as many struggles and heart-burnings about it now as there were then? I recollect that in the early fall, when the lists were being made out, Boston and Cambridge were in a wild flutter of wylighnat.

were being made out, hosten and Cambrage with wild flutter of excitement.

"Yes, indeed," responded Miss X., wacming to her subject and speaking with an earnestness that amused her companion hugely, for he had been wandering about the world long enough to look back upon the narrow Boston prejudices from a mental distance that made them seem very small, "Of late years there have been many new people risen to the surface." they are disgustingly rich and build themselves superbloases in the best neighborhoods. Then don't you see, they want to get into society,, and they are eletermined to push their way into the private classes. It is almost immediate the control of is almost impossible to keep them out, for they do t mind rebuffs and rudeness in the least, and light sperately, bound to get in by foul means if not by to. Did you ever hear about that dreadful Mrs.

the Harvard man said, enjoying himself, "No," the Harvard man said, enjoying himself immensely, "that must be something recent. Tell me about it, do." Miss X, estiled herself comfortably in the old Medici chair and brushed a refractory curi out of her eyes. They were sitting in a quiet mook in one of the gilded salons of that Florence paince, splended in the lather sombre magnificence of dark, carved wood, frescoed cellings, vast paintings by the old masters, black with axe, ancient hangings, faded and dim, and quaint, heavy furniture of a long past time. Mrs. X, in black velvest, with just diamonds enough to be impressive without making a spectacle of herself, was carrying on a subduced conversation with stately ount Rospigloise near at hand, beneath a wonder, a apostry of Receules and Omphale. Now and then ather guests stroiled in and out, and from the distant ballerom faint snatches of delicious music swept in. Everything about them was so strange and foreign, and Boston seemed so far away, that the little story took on a peculiar flavor for its cyhical hearer, who watched Miss X. from beneath his half-shut eyelids with keen delight as she begen her recital, feeling that it was of more importance than anything which ever befoll in the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent. To the genuine descendant of Purlians, Boston is always the Hub of the universe.

\*\*Hiefere she was married," went on the mellow that it was not more indicated on the mellow of the broad A's, "Mrs. Biscay Her and Miss and Mrs. Biscay Her and Mrs. Bisc

lived in South Boston." An impressive pause. "Her father had made a great fortune by boiling soap or putting up pickles, or something of that sort, and she had a certain beauty of a common, showy kind, Hamilton Biscay met her at the mountains one summannion becay not a can be beauty, more with her money; married her, brought her to the old Biscay house on Beacon-st to live. I dare say she is a good wife, for he seems to be happy, but she never got on socially at all. She was bad form, and people absolutely refused to take her up. They called formally and nothing more. She had a daughter who was her exact image, and common and pushing like the mother, who was sent to the best schools. Somehow they contrived to get her into the private classes for the younger children at Papanti's; but when it came to the Friday afternoon, Mrs. Fancull, who had the class that year, refused up and down to take her lace, she wrote to the Blacay full." 'Oh, no. it is not, an 'Louisa Fuller is going abroad class. Sho has a right to be there, said Mrs. Biscay, forlously. She is a Biscay. 'If she were the Queen of shoba,' answered the dancing master, imperturbily, I could do no more. It is Mrs. Faneuil's class, and she decides who are to compose it. I have nothing to do with it.' And Mrs. Biscay flung away in a

ing to do with it.' And Mrs. Biscay flung away in a towering rage."

Miss X, sat bolt upright, and tossed her pretty head with scorn. A deep flush burned on her cheeks, and her eyes snapped. Her Boston blood was up.

"What do you think that woman du?" she asked. "When the flust Friday afternoon came, she had the little girl dressed in purple and flue lines, ordered the carriage, and drove down to Papanate's "Mrs. Fancul," she said defiantly, addressing that lady, who sat cold and impassive before her, my daughter has a right to be in this class. It is ber fluce. Her father is a Biscay and a connection of your own. Now, I bring her here and put her in the class myself. You may send her out of the hall, if you like to treat while beard failing over his chest, and a pair of the brightest and kindest blue eyes you will find any-where. Imagine this man to be seventy-five years old, but at the same time to move about with as firm a step as though he was but thirty-five. Listen to his voice, and it comes forth in strong chest tones. Talk to him and he will tell you that he feels younger as the years grow older, and that he hopes to last for many years yet.

Said Mr. Watterson once to me in response to a question:

"The first sign of a man's failing faculities is seen in his voice. I can go on the street and speak in such tones as can be heard 300 yards away. I spend my winters in Washington and my summers at Louisville, and while there I look over the exchanges in the newspaper office and scan about fifty papers a day. I am glad that I am allive, and I feel that my good health at this age is due to temperance and in not allowing myself to be worried about anything.

MR. WENTWORTH'S BIG MELON.

MR. WENTWORTH'S BIG MELON.

From The Minneapolis Tribine.

The following story, while not too well authenticated, was toold me by a young nao living in the extreme southwestern part of the city, who, a few years back, were in the habit of visiting Summit in externelen time and helping ourselves to melons from the patch on the Wentworth farms, one day we went out and, there being a larger gang than usual to forege for we tackled the largest melon in the patch. I teit you she was a 'stunser,' too. We succeeded in getting it over the fance and into the risad a little distance from the house, when who should come stalking by but Long John. He saw the melon—of course he could not miss seeing that large melon—and he began gnashing its teeth and foaming at the mouth, so great was his easer. He thought he knew where the melon came from. One of the hoya—a bright salesman now in a wholesale house downtown—faced the giant with a lock of injued innocence, and said:

"Now, look, lere, Mr. Wentworth, you think we stole that melon from your place, but we didn't; we bought it of Mr. —, your neighbor, up there, and have get it this far teward home. If you doubt us we'll go there.' The old gentleman took the bluff and seemed to feel that he had jumped on the boys too hurriedly.

"Well, what do you propose to do with it! You can't get that by melon to town."

"Well, what do you propose to do with it! You can't get that be paid to eat it if we can get a knife to cut it with None of us hoys has get oue large onough."

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"Well, what do you propose to do with it! You had help you hands, kelly, and keep quiet, "add wow his a will just retire, Pil see w

can't get that he melon to town.'

"We're going to eat it if we con get a knife to cut
it with None of us how has get one large enough.'

"Well, new how, since I've been kind of hard on
you. I'll helf you out.' and Long John Wentworth
laid aside his rruff nature, got a case-knife at the house,
came back, and joined us in a melon feast."

then ensued between the two av them:

"Good morph' Sorr, an' whare are yez gofn' this foine morphi". Of wonder?

"Noan av yure blanked business, Sorr!

"Be a little sisy wid yure replois, my frin'; but are yez not goin' to the chur-rch?"

"An' plat do yez ondershand the mass to mane, Pathrick?"

"Paix an' it's noan av yure blanked, blanked business, so airly in a hesitating manner, observing in a freezing tone and with a slow and deliberate emphasis, which was evidently designed to be quistions, so airly in a hesitating manner, observing in a freezing tone and with a slow and deliberate emphasis, which was evidently designed to be quistions, and this particular point, but it is said that his two Republican tormentors immediately and with one accord politely urged him to "nominate his particular poison."

An amusing story is told of a wealthy lady in this city who is noted for her petty economies. It appears that she is constantly in the habit of reminding herservants of the futility of all more creature comforts and the manner and the manner and the manner and the manner and the stranger's host.

"Hare Shool! Why, I'm sorry to confess it, but she had the two his post to be deliberate on the cried, put they are going to give this little play for the benefit of some with a head to the word deliberate emphasis, which was evidently designed to be particularly crushing, "How do you do, Mr. —, Mr. —, but, really, you know, I'm afraid that i can't exactly place you."

"Faix an' its noan av yure blanked, blanked business, anyhow, you herritical Protesthant."

"Faix an' its noan av yure blanked, blanked business, anyhow, you herritical Protesthant."

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"Faix an' its noan av yure blanked, blank

NEWS AS SHE IS TRANSLATED THE SACKVILLE INCIDENT IN JAPAN-ELEC. TION COMMENTS.

the meagre contents of a few dispatches is all

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUND Tokio, November 16.
When the telegraph informed Japan—as yet

that is known here—that the American press had demanded that the British Minister at Washington "be handed his passport" for trying to influence the election, and that President Cleveland had recommended a change of Ministers, there was in a few Japanese newspaper offices to say that he wished he would ship him the arms considerable flurry and excitement. The expression "be handed his passport' was a puzzle. But the dispatch had to be put into print at once lest some rival paper get ahead. There was no alternative, no time to inquire; and, necessity knowing neither law nor mercy, the perplexed translator had to take the leap in the dark with a result evident enough to a bewildered public on the day following. One paper said: "On account of his having taken part in the Presidential election, the American press demands that the British Minister at Washington shall hand back his passport." Another informed its readers: "The American press demands that the British Minister at Washington shall have an itinerary in order to enable him to employ persuasion on the Presidential election." A third paper gave the following rendering: "The British Ambassador is going to be utilized. The American press recommends that his passport shall be handed to him in order that he may be in a position to assist at the Presidential election." What a deluge of subtle irony these translators have put into their work, all unconsciously and with malice toward none!

The British press here, as elsewhere, favored Mr. Cleveland, as was natural enough, though many Englishmen relished but little the latest phase of his foreign policy. "The Japan Mail," a thoroughly British journal, but not prejudiced against the United States, and least of all against Mr. Cleveland, said: "President Cleveland did not think of history when he undertook to convert the foreign relations of his country into an electioneering lever. The world had almost begun to believe him a great man before he made this mistake. . . . . His Retaliation message displayed him in a new light. It showed that he is not above prostituting the highest public interests to private purposes. Of course England and America cannot fight. War between them is practically out of the question. But they can be close allies, and everything tending to promote that consummation is as much to be desired by civilized humanity as everything tending to retard it is to be deprecated. President Cleveland cannot doubt this. When, therefore, he allows himself to slap England's face merely for the sake of winning the applause and the votes of disloyal Irishmen, he steps down, very low down, from the place he had almost won in the world's esteem." This was written before the result of the election was known, and undoubtedly represents the views of many of Queen Victoria's subjects.

The result of the election became known in Japan on November 9. It had been watched for by Englishmen almost as eagerly as by Americans-a fact very gratifying in itself, and illustrative of the importance of the issues decided by General Harrison's election. The Japanese press, ever keenly interested in the doings of the country which the " Nichi Nichi Shimbun" (" Daily, News") calls "our most friendly neighbor," followed the course of the canvass, and in the absence of detailed information comments now on the bare dispatches received, investing them with the thoughts suggested by the result of the stupendous contest across the ocean. Says the "Nichi Nichi Shimbun": "Mr. Cleveland's successor, General Harrison, though not yet a man of world-wide glory, is yet a descendant of a famous family, Sambun though not yet a man of world-wide glory, is yet a descendant of a famous family, excelling in talent and learning, has teen a member of the Senate, and has abundant popularity to lead the Republican party. His success as President is to be expected." Says the "Hoch Shimbun": "Appealing by their policy of protection to the patriotism of the Nation; criticising the proposed Canadian treaty as unsatisfactory; and in harmony with the National sentiment oposing the lowering of the tariff—such was the course by which the Republicans proved equal to the occasion. Trying to unite the party ander the banner of a man having many friends and few enemics, moving under the guidance of eminent statesmen, and thus preventing friction among themselves—such was the excellent policy of the Republican party. Thus it came that an honest lawyer and brave general received the people's vote. The United States, though rich, are weak in their naval and military forces: people's vote. The United States, though rich, are weak in their naval and military forces; But if the Republicans remain influence abroad. But if the Republicans remain in power for the next ten years, we are perhaps destined to see a powerful nation having a great influence on the American continent and in the world's diplomacy."

LORD COLERIDGE'S CALIFORNIA GUESTS.

From The San Francisco Post.

Joseph Patrick Kelly, barrister-at-law, son of Michael Joseph Kelly, during his recent visit to England was subjected to many inconvoniences, all on account of his distinguished name, for the biundering Britishers would persist in mistaking him for a gentleman with dynamitic tendencies, and devoured with a desire to extinguish the royal family, the House of Lords, and the other useless appanages of a monarchical institution. One day it so happened that Mr. Kelly and his distinguished friend Colonel Kowalsky secured from Lord Coleridge invitations to the House of Lords, and on account of some negligence, his bridship and on account of some negligence, his bridship and on account of some negligence, his bridship and on account of some helicance, his bridship and on account of some negligence, his bridship and the hoor till Lord Coleridge sent them another card with his signature hastily written in penell. They passed through safely, but when inside the attaches of the house began to watch the two distinguished San Francisco lawyers very closely. Their remarks, which were occasionally heard by Colonel Kowalsky and Mr. Kelly, were not calculated to give them much satisfaction. One of the men remarks that clonel Kowalsky hocked like a Russian Nihilist but all agreed that Mr. Kelly was a dangerons character. Finally one of them approached Kelly and politely inquired his name.

"Patrick Joseph Kelly," was the reply.

The man's face fell and he hurried back to bis companions with the intelligence. Immediately every constable in the building gathered together and formed a convention, when the first speaker went to Kelly and asked for his card.

It was given. The card was taken back to the convention, and it was evident that it was creating considerable alarm. Five stalwart men walked up to Kelly and said:

"Beg your paradon, sir. No offence, sir; bu From The San Francisco Post.

to Kelly and said:

"Beg your pardon, sir. No offence, sir; but you must retire, sir."

"Why!" said Kowalsky, much enraged.

"I'm—if I will." said Kelly.

"Kelly, keep your temper," said Kowalsky.

"Look here," continued Kowalsky, "this card was sent to us by my friend Lord Coleridge, and why do you thus insult us."

"Beg your honor's parton.

"Kelly, you must retire," said Kowaisky, and Kelly,
"Kelly, you must retire," said Kowaisky, and Kelly,
with several well-seasoned American objurgations, did
retire. A few moments afterward the message, with
an apology came, that Patrick Joseph Kelly was no
dynamiter, but a distinguished gentleman, and a
personal friend of Lord Coleridge.

"Beg your honor's pardon," said the attache to
Kelly. "Our orders are very strict, and your honor's
name being so unfamiliar in the Ouse of Lords made
me think that I'd better see. If something should
have happened, sir, I'd have been blamed, your
honor."

honor."

"Relly," said Kowalsky, after they had got clear
of the House of Parliament; "I'll never go again with
you into any public place where Lord Coleridge and
my friends are."

"Nor will I go with you. If it hadn't been for
your ulfillstic Russian name I would never have been
mistaken for a dynamitic Fentan."

From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

"It is a ruinous business, this buying of presents everybody under the sun," said a man to his wife y

every now terday.

"Yes, my dear," she quietly replied, "but I don't see any way to avoid it, do you"

"Well, I was talking to Dr. Scriber to day and he said that he thought your health demanded—"

"My health, Charles I Why, I never was better in

"My health, Charles I Why, I never was better in my life!"
"I was about to say, when you interrupted me, that Dr. Scriber said that your health demanded that you should have a change of air at once, and he advised me to take you to Southern California without delay. How soon can you start?"

"I've got all those presents to select-----"
"Julia, do you wish to ruin me! I propose to the you to California as a measure of economy."